

CRICK. Okay, that's enough.

WILKINS. Look, if I'd known you were going to do another, I wouldn't have ...

CRICK. What, Maurice?

WILKINS. Said so much, I suppose. Or shown you ...

GOSLING. Then things moved quickly. Quickly especially by the standards of a PhD student for whom everything moves slowly.

CASPAR. Watson and Crick got hold of the paper Rosalind had written. It was confidential.

CRICK. It wasn't confidential. Another scientist at Cambridge gave it to us after it was circulated to a committee over which he was presiding.

WILKINS. Well it wasn't published, that's for sure. And it included her latest calculations, confirmation that the Bform was helical, and the diameter of that helix. Information that became critical to your work.

WATSON. I'm sure we would have gotten there sooner or later, even without it.

WILKINS. So would we have done, with the benefit of your work. You had ours but we didn't have yours!

WATSON. There was no "we" where you were concerned. That was the problem.

GOSLING. Anyway, it doesn't matter how they got the paper, only that they got it.

CASPAR. And that Rosalind didn't know she should be in a hurry. Neither of us knew. *(Caspar is leaning over a microscope and Rosalind tries to squeeze by him.)*

ROSALIND. Would you excuse me, Dr. Casp — *(She brushes against him, just a little.)* Oh I'm sorry.

CASPAR. *(Straightening.)* It's fine.

ROSALIND. I was just ...

CASPAR. It's fine, Rosalind. *(Beat.)*

ROSALIND. *(Taking offense.)* What's happened? You got your degree and somehow I lost mine?

CASPAR. I'm sorry — Dr. Franklin ... It's just.

ROSALIND. What?

CASPAR. I like your name ... Rosalind ... Rosy.

ROSALIND. Why?

CASPAR. It's warm. It makes me think about coming inside to a fire after a walk in the bitter cold.

WILKINS. *(To the audience, or to Gosling.)* Only an American could come up with such a line.

ROSALIND. But I'm not warm. No one thinks I'm warm. Ask anyone —

CASPAR. Listen ...

ROSALIND. Yes?

CASPAR. Would you have dinner with me?

ROSALIND. Dinner??

CASPAR. No — not like ... Just dinner ... Something really casual.

ROSALIND. I don't think you understand that nothing in Britain is casual. No — everything here is filled with meaning no one will name or indulge. It's why I much preferred Paris.

CASPAR. But I would think it must have been very hard to be in Paris.

ROSALIND. Why's that?

CASPAR. I don't know. After the war. It must not have been too friendly to ...

ROSALIND. Oh. Yes. But ... you just have to get by, don't you? That's all one can do. You can't constantly be thinking about that ... or I imagine it would destroy you.

CASPAR. It would. I'm certain it would. *(Beat.)* Have dinner with me. *(Beat.)*

ROSALIND. I'm afraid there just isn't time, Dr. Caspar.

CASPAR. For dinner?

ROSALIND. Right.

GOSLING. In the meantime, Watson and Crick were working at breakneck speed.

CASPAR. After looking at Rosalind's report, they made a conclusion she had yet to draw: That DNA consisted of *two* chains running in opposite directions, a pair of endless spirals that work together but will never meet.

CRICK. Which is how it replicates, Watson. That's how it works.

WATSON. Each strand is a template and in each template is another helix and on and on forever.

CRICK. Do you know what this means?

WATSON. Yes. I mean, no.

CRICK. It means large homes in the countryside without leaky radiators. It means suits tailored to fit. It means my mother will stop politely asking why I didn't go into law, or medicine, and whether I have any regrets about the way my life has turned out ...

WATSON. It means textbook publishers will call to make sure they have the correct spelling of our names.